

A Pleasant

## Funeral-Oration,

AT THE

## INTERMENT

OF THE

Three (lately Deceased) TOWER-LYONS.

**H**ow ! the Lyons dead ! 'Tis impossible-----Why are Lyons Immortal ?-----Not as they are Lyons, but as they are *Tower-Lyons* they are. Why you don't hear of a *Tower-Lyon* that dies in an Age. *Tower-Lyons* ! 'Tis as much the Keepers Interest to be careful and tender of them, as it is a younger Brother to prolong the Life of an old Wife with a Joynture. *Tower-Lyons* ! You don't know what *Tower-Lyons* are. They are the Darlings, the delight of the People, and now they are gon, my Life for Yours we shall hear of the Death of some Body at one time or other. Now for as many Guineys for a Purchase, as there have been Surmises, and Conjectures, and I pray God grants passionately whispered forth upon this fatal Accident. The Superstitious *Papist* sneers up his Nose, and cries it portends well o' their side, for cutting off the Lord *Stafford's* Head. Why what has the Lord *Stafford's* Head to do with the Lyons ? Oh yes-----For he carried a Lyons Heart to the Scaffold with him, and therefore they have to do with his Head. 'Twas well they did not deal by his Lordship as the *Persians* did by *Daniel* ; for had these Lyons been his Executioners, their unexpected Deaths had been the effect of the Popes Curses upon *Heretick's*. But now it must be a Judgment among Us. And truly 'twas a hard case that such a Judgment should fall upon one that perhaps never deserv'd it. For 'tis a Hundred to One whither the Keeper had any Hand in the Lord *Stafford's* Execution or no ; and yet because he was Executed how many Pence and Two-pences must the Keeper loose ? So that now there is no entertainment left for the Countrey Maidens that come to Town a purpose, now the Lyons are dead, but only the *Tombs* themselves. And yet no such Calamitie neither ; the place being easily supply'd from the Bear-Garden ; for one living Dog is better then three dead Lyons.

But that's not the business : Here are three *Tower-Lyon's* dead, and therefore three great *Sombodys* must follow 'em. As if because *Living-Lyons* have their *Jackals*, therefore dead Lyons must be the *Jackals* of Death themselves to run before the *Hearses* of great Personages. The stars protect the famous *Albion* and *Corineus*, those Noble Guardians of the Hustings and Sheriffs Courts in *Guild-Hall*.

But a Lyon is the King of Beasts, and 'twas never known that they ever dy'd but upon some Emergent occasion ; and therefore before the three Kings of *Cullen* died, there were three Lyons died just in this fullen froward, frompish manner. Hang 'em *Weezels* of *Ill-omens*, had they fall'n by the hand of *Sampson*, *David*, or *Hercules*, they had dy'd in the Bed of Honour, but to sneak out of the World with a Surfet of raw Carrion in their Guts, and forg et to drink Brandy too ! the common Phylick of the Times ! was a death no way becoming three Lyon's that intended to foretel the death of Princes.

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But to die all three together ; to die as it were by *consent*, there must be something more then Ordinary in the business. Either it was a *Sham*-plot of Mrs. *Celliers Presbyterians* to create fears and jealousies in the Nation ; or else it was a Plot among themselves to make the World believe strange things. Well, fare 'em well they dy'd like Lyons however.

Thus you see what 'tis to be a *Tower-Lyon* ; Ple warrat ye all the Lyons and Lyonesses in the Deserts of *Lybia*, might have dy'd of a Lyon Pestilence, and not one word have been made of it. Here are only three Lyons die in the Tower, nay, 'tis but within the Precinct of the Tower neither, and presently they set three Presses a going in the Metropoils of the Nation.

Some People reported that the great Guns were carry'd into the Tower, because three of its chief Guardians were deceased. But we believe no such thing : and therefore let 'em e'en go like Emblems of the Wicked as they are,

-----*Whose Teeth.*  
*Like Lyons Whelps hang out.*

Others there are who say, That a certain Parson should report at a Coffee-house that these Lyons were poyson'd. Truly 'twas pitty, that he had not been enjoyn'd for his pains to preach their Funeral Sermon. We could have furnished him with matter and told him how that Lyons were sacred to *Vulcan* ; by reason of the heat and fury of their courage, how they were honour'd to draw the Chariot of the Mother of the god's, to shew that the fierceness and intemperancy of Youth is to be mollified and govern'd by the Discretion of Age, and as for their lives and conversations the Keeper could have given him an accompt, ever since he began to exercise their patience with his long Pole. We could have told him of the curtesie of the Lyon that licked off the sweat from the forehead of *Sandracottus* as he lay asleep ; and of the Gratitude of the Lyon to *Androclus*, for having formerly pull'd a Thorn out of his foot. These had been rare Theames, for a young Pulpit Rhetorician.

But must these Lyons then die forgot, among the common Croud of Vulgar Lyons ? These Lyons that had been so long in *England* that they might have claim'd Naturalization ; these Lyons that were wont to be more visited then a Cardinal *Padron*, or a Popes Nephew ? Truly 'tis great pitty they should. And if they do, 'tis only the fault of our Astrologers. It were an easie thing for them, and would cost 'em nothing neither, to remove the *Nemean* Lyon (hang him what should a Heathen Lyon do there, now the Zodiac has chang'd its Religion ?) and place these three Lyons in his room. Questionless the Zodiac is broad enough to hold 'em all three. And who knows how propitious an *English* Constellation may be to the Kingdom ? And then for the difficulty of their mounting the Sky, to perfect their design, they need never fear it ; for the *Vertuosi* will lend e'm an Engine to fly, and a Crane with Ropes ready fixed.

And thus much for the three deceased Lyons, and for them that think more Superstitiously then thus of their Omens and their Porrendings, they would do well to go to the *Bagnio*, and sweat out their folly.

F I N I S.

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